

1921

Flamingo Vol. II N 5

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Denison University

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Denison University

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Denison University

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FLAMINGO

WASHINGTON

BANQUET

ISSUE



FEBRUARY

1922

SPRING STYLES ARE HERE

Have You Seen Our Display of
Walk-Over Shoes

—AND—

Phoenix Hosiery

Manning & Woodward

Walk-Over Shoe Store

Newark, Ohio



Oh You Denison

Are you attending the Opera House movies? If not, you are missing a nice line of Feature Pictures. Get the Habit—Go!

The Alhambra at Newark also shows the latest photoplays, as well as The Auditorium. A few road attractions we wish to get to you are

FRITZ LEIBER

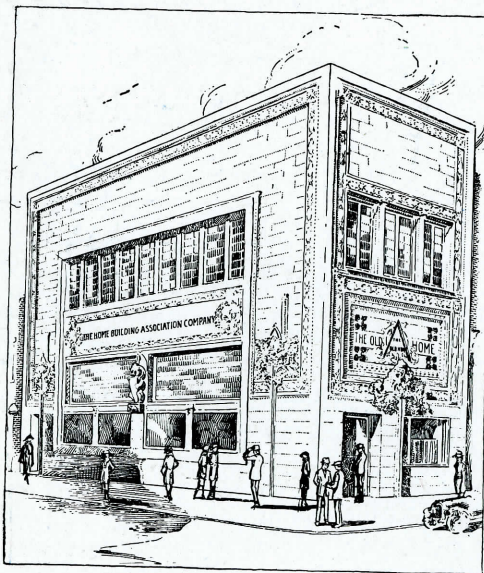
Noted Shakespearian actor in a wonderful production. Watch for further announcements. Soon, Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton in "My Dear." Another big special attraction

MECCA

A romance of Ancient Egypt, set to music and told with the most picturesque and beautiful scenic embellishments ever shown upon the modern stage.

300 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE

The "Old Home" Welcomes the Opportunity to Serve You.



We want the "Denison" students who have opened accounts here to be permanent, life-time business friends.

The Home Building Association Co.

North Third and West Main Sts.

Newark, Ohio

When in Newark, Visit
THE HOME OF 100% SAFETY

ASK EDISON

"If education makes a person refined, why is a college course?"—Jester.

"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

"Don't let them turn in."—North Star.

Chem Prof—"Why didn't you filter this?"
Student—"I didn't think it would stand the strain."—Brown Jug.

THE FLAMINGO

Published by the Students of Denison University,
Granville, Ohio

Nine issues per college year.

Subscription price two dollars the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

Entered as second class matter at the post office,
Granville, Ohio.

Printed by Hyde Brothers, Marietta, Ohio.
Engraving by Bucher Engraving Co., Columbus, O.

Vol. II FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 5

H. E. Lamson

HARDWARE

For

HARDWEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

Phone 8214

Granville, Ohio

The gift your friends enjoy

THE M.H. *Mueller Studio* 35 ARCADE
Newark
O.

Portrait and Commercial Photographer
Group, Outdoor and Home Portraits. Auto Phone 1521

Your Portrait



"Wayne Knit" Hosiery

—FOR—

Men and Women

S. E. MORROW & SON

Granville, Ohio

The
Rexall Store



W. P. ULLMAN and SON

**Drugs and
Books**

A PITHY REMARK

This guy looked into the family tree and found he was the sap.—Wasp.

Widow—"What sect is he?"
Wasp—"Insect!"—Wasp.

"Dear Me," said the Missionary, as the Cannibal Butcher sold him at 90c a pound.
—Goblin.

"Yes, father lived longer than we thought he would—the power plant broke down."
—Froth.

"Why does he sign himself just plain Izzenstein?"
"Maybe he hasn't any Christian name."
—Brown Jug.

CORRECT

"Is the world flat or round?"
"Neither!"
"What is it then?"
"Crooked!"—Record.

One of our professors remarked: "College-bred means a four year loaf." We agree, and add, it takes lots of dough and plenty of crust!—Wasp.

"That's a good point," remarked the pencil to the sharpener with a self-satisfied air.
—Siren.

The Frosh—"How far are you in 'Economics?'"
The Junior—"In the last stages of 'Consumption.'"—Wag Jag.

Now I lay me down to rest,
Before I take tomorrow's test;
If I should die before I wake,
Thank heaven I'll have no test to take!
—Beanpot.

"Snap out of it," he yelled, ripping open a box of ZuZus.—Widow.



From A Faint Blue
Glow To Modern
Miracles

EDISON saw it first—a mere shadow of blue light streaking across the terminals inside an imperfect electric lamp. This "leak" of electric current, an obstacle to lamp perfection, was soon banished by removing more air from the bulbs.

But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum, remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of developments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Pliotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magnetron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy. And the usefulness of the "tron" family has only begun.

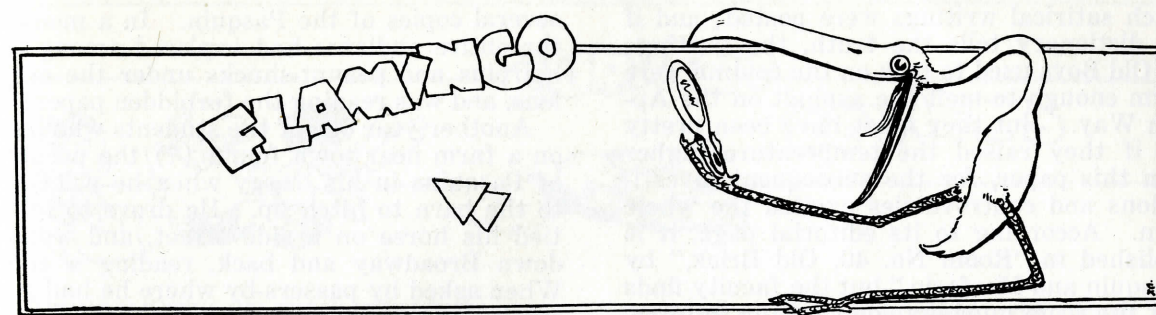
The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady,
N. Y. 95-473J



W. B. SCENE: THE FESTIVE BORED.



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

THE PASQUIN

By WILLIAM G. MATHER, Jr.

I am going to write about a mystery, or rather, a series of mysteries. About things that happened back in the dim days where the memory of the Oldest Alumnus is a bit hazy, and the memories of the Forever Young Alumni are lost in the whimsical neve of college smiles and tears, college tasks and pranks; especially pranks.

Let's imagine Granville back in the early seventies. There isn't any danger of slipping on the icy steps leading up the hill—there aren't any steps. We're back in the days of the "Old Brown Sem;" a white frame house west of the girls' gym will be all that's left of it in 1922, fifty years from now. The young ladies attend the "Sem," which is privately owned by Dr. Shepardson. There are only three buildings on the Hill; the "Old Brick," a frame building moved from the first location on the Columbus Road, and the residence of Professor Marsh. Professor Marsh's house stands now about where President's house will stand in 1922; by that time, Prof. Willy will be living in it on the corner of Mulberry and Elm.

The Baptist Church is a frame building, mounted on a high foundation; in 1922 it will be called the Post Office in the daytime and the Strand Theatre at night.

It is springtime; warm, sticky Commencement time. The church auditorium is packed with people, and the graduating exercises are about to begin. The procession is at the door, and the audience, program in hand, sits expectant. Just as the music starts and the lordly marshal begins his dignified promenade, two boys sitting in the back rise and hurriedly pace down the aisles, distributing broad-cast a quantity of folded papers. The surprised audience ignores the pompous advance of dark-robed Learning, in shocked contemplation of the hand-bills. They are

fake programs of the exercises; a take-off on the faculty and students. Although full of ridicule and satire, they are cleverly done, and as each student comes forward to deliver his oration, the ordinarily passive audience is convulsed by the introduction and remarks about him in the fake programs. Truly, the customary dignity of the proceedings is lost.

Now begins a most interesting chapter of Denison's history. The college authorities use every means in their power to find the students responsible for the programs. But their search is unsuccessful. The next year, at the same time, preparations are again made for the Commencement Exercises, and again the auditorium is full. Ushers have strict orders to confiscate instantly any fake programs before they can be distributed, but not a one has been seen. Again the procession moves down the aisle, and this time its members are seated in peace. The faculty breathes easier; so far, so good. But just as the audience begins to feel a little bit disappointed, someone yells from the center of the house, "Look under your seats!"

And there, staked in bunches of three or four, at intervals under the seats, are copies of the "Pasquin," Volume I, Number I.

It is a hot little leaflet of four pages, employing as its motto that line from "Macbeth:"

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries 'Hold, enough.'"

Unlike most of us who glibly chant that quotation, the editors of this paper do "lay on," cleverly, vigorously, and effectively. Not only are the faculty and graduating class attacked, but also the more well-known students of the lower classes. The name "Pasquin" is most appropriate. There used to be a broken statue of that name in Rome, upon

which satirical writings were posted; and if the dictionary tells the truth, the writings the Old Boys used to tack on the column were warm enough to melt the asphalt on the Ap-pian Way. But they must have been pretty hot if they raised the temperature higher than this paper, for the subsequent investigations and controversies excited the whole town. According to its editorial page, it is published in "Room No. 40, Old Brick," by "Pasquin and Marforio," but the faculty finds that the room numbers don't run up to forty, and no one questioned has ever met friends Pasquin and Marforio. The lid of faculty supervision clamps down tight; but soon the steam from the boiling within the kettle begins to reek of "eye of newt and toe of frog." The administration throws more fuel on the fire and sits tighter on the lid.

Let's come back to 1922 and watch the explosion from a safe distance. The opinion of most of our Forever Young Alumni is that these first outbursts of student opinion were comparatively harmless and really rather clever. Although perhaps a little boisterous in their humor and exceptionally keen in their sarcasm, they were not morally objectionable. However, the students fretted under the perhaps not altogether wise policy of insistent suppression and constant investigation, accompanied by untactful interviews and other objectionable features of such administrative policies, and as a consequence the moral level of their rebellious papers dropped. In fact, it just about hit the bottom. The editors one year were expelled two months before the close of school; not wishing to go home and let "the folks" know, they lived in a log cabin out in the Welch Hills until Commencement. Needless to say, it was a scorching Pasquin that appeared that year. Another year, one of the editors, now one of our most honored alumni, was suspended just at his Commencement, and he was not permitted to receive his diploma with his class. But he agreed to a certain confession drawn up by the Board of Trustees, and received his diploma the day after his class. The College wished to have a private presentation of the diploma, but the feeling among students ran so high that they had a Commencement parade with band and all the trimmings, and gave the student his diploma from the church platform with all due ceremony. But for nearly eight years, either a Pasquin or a program was ready for each Commencement.

One year the authorities placed guards around the church for two days before the exercises, but when the audience was assembled, a note dropped from the gallery into a girl's lap. She opened it and read, "Look under the cushions." She did, and there were

several copies of the Pasquin. In a moment the entire audience had explored among the hairpins and peanut-shucks under the cushions, and was reading the forbidden paper!

Another year one of the students who lived on a farm near town found (?) the package of Pasquins in his buggy when he went out to the barn to hitch up. He drove to town, tied his horse on a side street, and walked down Broadway and back, reading a copy. When asked by passers-by where he had gotten it, he told them that he had found it in a buggy on — street. By the time he had returned to his buggy, the Pasquins were all over town.

The "Want-Ads" of the Pasquin were exceptionally interesting, and revealed many embarrassing facts about some of the more prominent students. They would run in this wise:

"Wanted—S. B. C., S. U. S., and G. L. N. Satan."

"Any student contemplating a classical course at D. U. will find for sale a complete set of ponies for the entire course by applying to N. A. I."

TO MIGNONNETTE

I love you as I love a radiant flower,
With purest adoration mixed with awe;
Or as an alabaster without flaw,
Whose glorious chastity is its rich dower.
I love her as I love the rocks that tower
In stately mountain peaks where first I saw
Where crystal, limpid springs their water
draw.

And as the pines reach upward, hour by hour,
So I would likewise constantly adore
You, dearest one, and let my love for you
Be as a steadfast light that gleams afar,
And beckons onward like a guiding star.
So should it be both sweet, and kind, and true,
And glorying in you, grow more and more.

—Q.

SAILOR'S LOVE

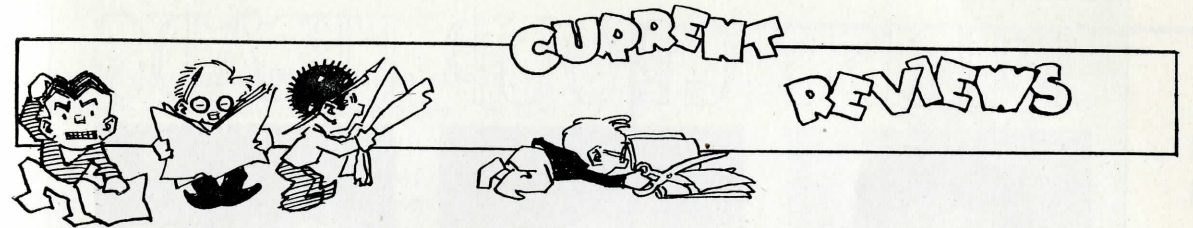
I must be off to sail the purple sea
Where stinging salt spray calls—her lovely
charms

Are like the invitation of your arms.
Your lips are soft, but rude ones call to me,
And I will go to her where ships run free,
Nor fear my angry shore-love's quick alarms.
Heigh-ho! my aqueous lover never harms,
For saline kiss and sailor's love agree.

Her foamy lace scarce covers throbbing
breasts,

And emerald tresses leave her shoulders bare.
Oh Mignonnette I love you, but she pleads,
And pagan love for me she manifests.

So bide a wee my Quaker sweetly fair—
This polyandrist every sailor heeds! —Q.



THE POETS OF THE FUTURE: A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-1921

Edited by T. Schnittkind, Ph. D.,
The Stratford Co., Boston, \$2.25.

As in the professional field, free verse and standard metres wage a more or less equal battle for supremacy among the college poets, if we may take this collection as fully representative of undergraduate wooing of the muse. Sonnets, villanelles, and formal stanzas rub elbows with polyphonic prose, "Packing House Poems" in the style of Carl Sandburg, and such bits as this:—

Debutante

Little Debutante,
You are like a kitten
With cream on its whiskers—
Innocent, demure;
And your chic sophistication,
Exquisite and superficial,
Is like a champagne goblet—
Fragile, gleaming, empty!

This volume is the fifth of its kind that Dr. Schnittkind has published. It consists of about 130 short poems written by students of 68 American colleges and universities. Ohio is represented only by two sonnets, "Winter" and "Jealous God," from Oberlin; "Burdens," in unrhymed cadence, from Ohio State; and a humorous poem in dialect, "Jest Restin'," by an Otterbein student. Miami, Oberlin, Ohio University, and St. Mary's are given place in the list of "Other Poems of Distinction" at the end of the book. The University of California appears to lead the country in quantity production, with eight poems printed and four others mentioned. Contrary, perhaps, to the general impression that women are pre-empting the poetic field, a count shows that more than sixty per cent of the young poets who merited recognition are men.

Unstinted credit must be given the anthologist for his judgment in selecting and arranging the work. While personal likes and dislikes will always vary, Dr. Schnittkind has

achieved a high mean that will please the most exacting.

A few samples, chosen chiefly for brevity and interest, will give some idea of the sort of work college poets are doing.

Song

You ask me why I love you, sweet?
What makes me worship at your feet?
Then tell me why this hawthorn tree
Produced the blossoms that you see;

And tell me why these thrushes here
Are making music for your ear;
You tell me why the sky is blue—
And then, perhaps, I'll answer you.

—Wayne Gard (Illinois College.)

Pavlova: The Swan

Darkness once more.
A blue weird light
Dawns on the dark stage
And she floats in:
"The Swan."

I have forgot the world—
That living snowflake
Has taken me to Heaven.—
The pouter-pigeon in front of me
Snatches the binoculars
From her spouse, and coos
"O isn't she sweet!"

—Camilla Taylor (Univ. of California.)

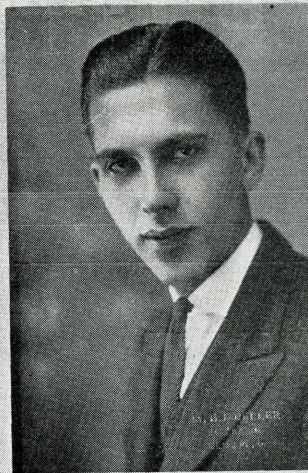
Puppets

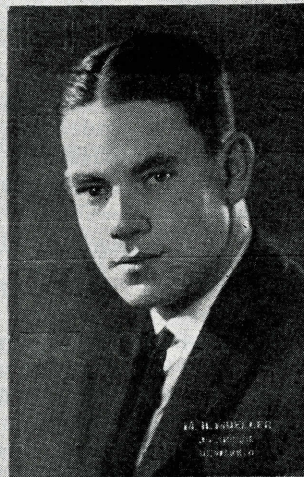
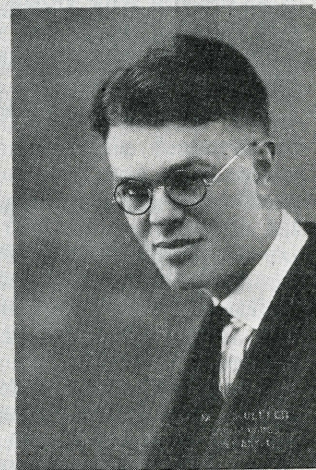
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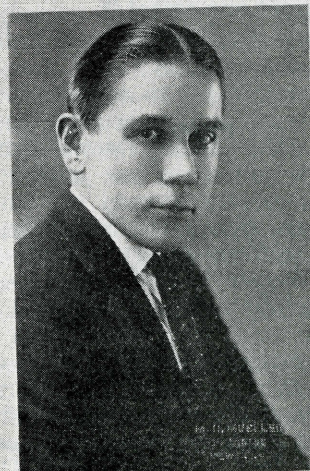
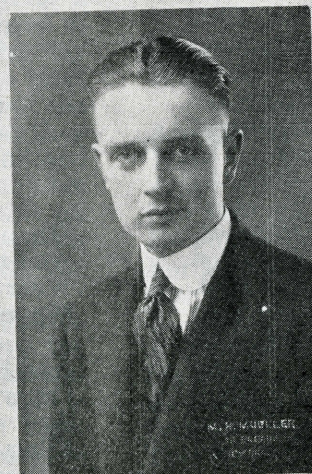
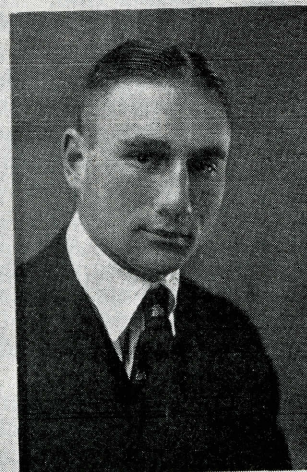
'Tis a dark, dim path we follow,
And the millions that precede
Wear it deeper in and deeper—
We must follow where they lead.

And the motley's graven on us—
Caper, laugh! On! — play your role,
And when endless time is ended—
Fling him back his wretched soul.
—Maurice Jacques Valency (C. C. N. Y.)

MEN'S GROUP HEADS


 ΞΧ
HERBERT SCHNEIDER

 ΒΘΠ
WILLARD STONE

 ΦΓΔ
LAWRENCE PRUGH

 ΚΣ
DONALD FITCH

 ΦΔΘ
CAREY CRONIS

 ΔΣΣ
THOMAS CAULKINS

 ΔΧΑ
DUDLEY DAWSON

 ΞΑΕ
ROBERT RETTIG

"I HATE THEE"

He lived beside the sullen swollen stream
Which from the north comes swirling to the
sea.

My love rode by—a darling dream;
He stole my tender love away from me.

I cursed him as he laughed in glee
And with a knife full sharp and long,
I carved "I Hate Thee" in a tree
To bear him witness of my wrong.

He saw the words and felled the tree.
Frail tree! Cruel axe! Treach'rous man!
I would the blade I'd turned on thee
Who stole away my precious Nan.

No more I'll strive with tools so weak
To blaze my passion 'fore thine eyes,
But climb Himalayas' highest peak
And blast in letters of monstrous size—

"I Hate Thee."

And I'd like to see any cock-eyed axe erase
that! —Ed.

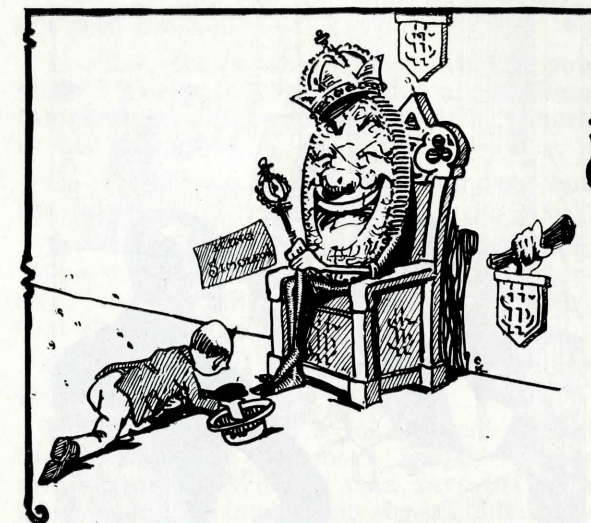
Visitor—"But what do the students think
of having to put up with such a small gym-
nasium?"

Student—"O, we have no room for com-
plaint."



"I DON'T APPROVE OF YOUNG PEOPLE
MARRYING WHILE THEY ARE STILL IN
SCHOOL. IT IS 'PUTTING THE CART BEFORE
THE HORSE.'"

"YOU MEAN IT IS 'PUTTING THE HEART BE-
FORE THE COURSE.'"



"GOD SAVE THE KING, I CAN'T!"

THAT DOG

My girl, she's got a puppy
With fur upon his nose,
And everytime I kiss her
He barks and bites my toes.

I swear I'll kill that puppy;
I'll feed him rough-on-rats;
I'll shoot him with my pistol;
I'll bust in all his slats.

Her brother taught that puppy
That beastly little trick.
I ought to lay for him at night
And bean him with a brick.

For oh the anguish of it.
To have the family hark,
And laugh aloud upstairs in bed,
To hear that puppy bark.

Add to Famous Songs of Deliverance, "Par-
adise Regained," which Milton penned after
his mother-in-law was dead.



HELEN—"OH, I JUST LOVE ANIMALS!"
HUNT—"I HOPE YOU'VE NOTICED THAT I AM A LITTLE HORSE."

"Took my girl to the show last night but our seats were pretty far back."
"Couldn't see a thing, I suppose."
"Oh yes, we had a row Z outlook."

"Twas but an honest man that old Diogenes was after,
But Burbank more than "fills the bill," for he's an honest grafter.

"Only fools are positive."
"Sure of it?"
"Positively."

When will the college provide apartments for married couples?

Uppen—"How would you give an alarm of fire in an Institution for Deaf Mutes?"
Attem—"Why, I would ring the dumb-bell."

FUTURISTIC IMPRESSIONS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS

Being Called on to Recite when Unprepared—

The sinking of the Lusitania; having your chair pulled out from under you, taking your girl to a dance and discovering that you have not enough money with you; caught stealing pennies; discovering your two "best" girls exchanging notes; opening by mistake the door to a ladies dressing room.

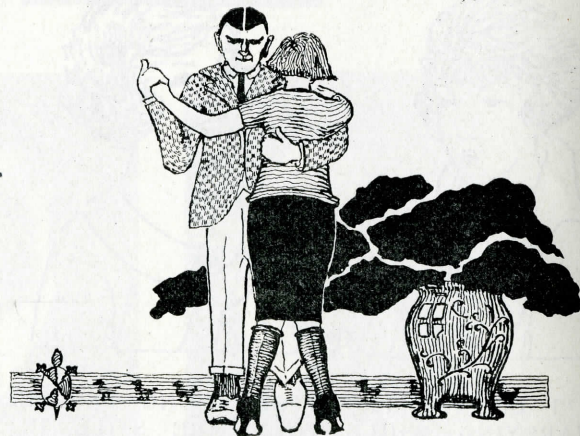
Meeting Your Fiancee's Father—

Having the guy who has just cleaned up on you ask you if you have had enough; this way out please; forgetting your lines in a play; coming face to face with a much avoided creditor; being called on to return thanks; dropping your spoon in your soup and splashing the lady next to you; receiving a death verdict.

Being a Senior—

Walking on stilts; standing on the top of Eifel tower; thinking that some one envies you; being asked for your opinion; discovering that some one thinks you're clever; having your friend's colored chauffeur call for you; seeing a little news-boy scurry out of your way.—R. D. B.

The college yell of the School of Experience — silence.



THIS IS THE POSTERITY FOR WHICH OUR FOREFATHERS PRAYED — CAN WE BLAME THEM?

(APOLOGIES AND THANKS TO PAN)

There once lived a man with high ideals. His ambition was to promote the interests of Humor in our fair country. He saw the large body of pious folk who objected to the current forms of joke and labored to show them that they misunderstood the motives to which they were objecting—that they failed to distinguish mere froth from scum and made the proverbial mountain from the w. k. mole hill. But it was in vain, and ere he passed finally into oblivion, he wrote this sketch of the Tinside of the Cup as he had seen it:

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN MIND

For to them all things shall be smutty.

The scene is a room in Mr. UTSMAY'S home, a shifty looking room with two doors. The Rev. H. COLLAR is discovered standing at one of the windows, thumbs hooked in his suspenders, glancing greedily at the passing crowd while Mr. UTSMAY paces the floor. One of the doors opens and Brother AZURE LAW snoops in.

UTSMAY—My dear brother we are impatient for the report.

H. COLLAR—Even so, brother, is the news as bad as we had hoped?

LAW—Worse, boys, far worse.

U. (rubbing hands)—Tell us about it.

L.—This show which you have asked me to report on must be closed down. Some of the parts were not bad, but one joke in particular was inexcusable.

C.—Did the people laugh at it?

L. (giggling)—Oh my yes.

U.—Then how can you doubt its obscenity, my dear brother?

L.—Yes, that's what I thought, but you know I like to be broad-minded about these things and really I couldn't see JUST where it was vulgar.

U.—I trust we are all broad-minded—but the joke.

L.—One of the actors said to another, "Who was that lady I saw you with yesterday?" and the other said, "That was no lady, that was my wife."

C.—Terrible! I trust there were no ladies present.

U.—Obviously such a joke cannot be for the mere purpose of humor. Its possibilities are boundless. When a man says his wife is not a lady, he must mean she is a demitass.

C.—You mean demirip, don't you?

U.—Possibly. Now I figure that when a man says his wife is no lady, he must mean the worst.

C.—There can be no doubt of it.

L.—I knew if I could only figure out the real reason for that actor saying his wife was no lady, I would feel easier in judging his immortal soul, so I asked him after the show.

U.—What did he say?

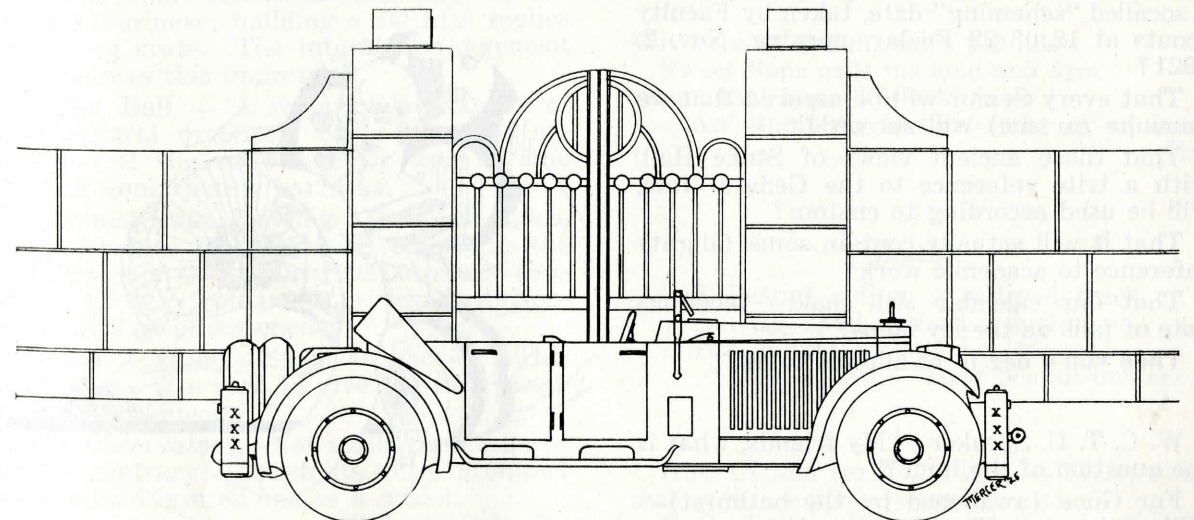
L.—He said that he is a single man.

U.—There you have it—he speaks of a wife but is a single man. Is it not evident why he considers her no lady?

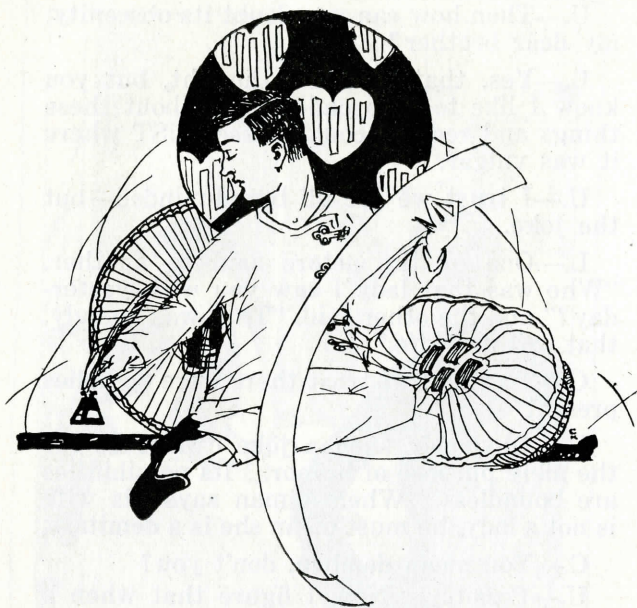
C.—How clear you have made it!

U.—Oh, it's all a matter of thinking, my dears.

Curtain.



MERCER'S LATEST CANADIAN CLUB ROADSTER; 4 QTS., 60 MULE-POWER.



A PROMISSORY NOTE —

THE 2022 ADYTUM

DO YOU KNOW—

That the 2022 Adytum will have an ancient cover design first used in 1922, and incredibly quaint?

That a special comic section will feature the old ludicrous plans for a Greater Denison, as if it were possible?

That our comprehensive athletic section shows full-length pictures of the croquet team, in uniforms, with an admiring paragraph under each and every man's photo, no matter how poorly he played?

That we include a full-page photograph of a so-called "scheming" date, taken by Faculty scouts at 12:03:23 Friday morning, Nov. 2, 1921?

That every Senior will be assured that we know he (or she) will succeed?

That those ancient views of Stone Hall, with a trite reference to the General Jam, will be used according to custom?

That it will actually contain some (slight) reference to academic work?

That our calendar still makes facetious note of falls on the icy steps!

Then you'll beg to be allowed to buy!

W. C. T. U. Speaker—"My friends, what is the question of the hour?"

Far Gone (awakened by the outburst)—
"What time is it?"

EXCHANGE NOTES

Smartmouth, leading Bolshevik orator factory, announces with pride a revised list of loyal alumni. Their prodigious college spirit has led 47 of them within the walls of Leavenworth, while 32 more grace the Federal resort at Atlanta, Ga.

So far in perusing sports sections we note that of the great Rhode Island conference only 28 institutions claim football championship honors, the latest being Cikum University, winning 5 out of 8, their Annual assuring us of a successful season, in spite of fire, flood and famine.

Coach H. Oldat Lyne of the above brain warehouse, attributes his team's success to his brainy revival of the great Chinese on-side kick play, invented in 350 A. D. by Wun Lung, health director of Sing Sing College, and first used in the Shanghai game.

Coukouing School for Girls announces a violently needed course in Conversational Aesthetics, hoping against hope that it will help decrease the universal inanity in co-ed conversation.

Bulow Normal College, champions of the Wild West Debating Conference, is still feeling pretty snappy. Rumor says the "Pray-in' Pedagogues" plan to supercede the great Smartmouth U. as voluble hot-air producers.

Suattem College holds faculty meetings on the golf links, preferably at the 19th hole. Students have organized a Pasture Drive whose obvious object is returning the profs to classes. Eminent undergraduates claim they are being robbed.



— ENDORSED

OFFICIAL 1922 CAMPUS GUIDE

The Conservatory—A type of Cretan labyrinth, which has not been solved to date. The architect got his inspiration from reading Amy Lowell.

Stone Hall—The name conjures up visions of an imposing granite structure, but it is in reality built of brick.

King Hall—Often mistaken by visitors for a garage. It is built on the lines of a bird cage.

Shepardson Commons—Combination of apartment house and bungalow roof, originally built for a warehouse.

Burton Hall—Supposedly modeled on a German Pagoda, but is neither German nor a pagoda. Illustrates what may be accomplished with little odds and ends of building material.

Doane Gymnasium—The only modern building on the campus, and therefore forbidden ground for half the student body.

Cleveland Hall—A cross between the Greek Parthenon and a R. R. terminal. A masterpiece of pre-war camouflage, as no one would ever take it for a building.

The Plaza—A necessary and effective barrier to sliding all the way down the hill on icy days, and a popular receptacle for waste paper.

Barney Science Hall—Carries out the idea of a primarily Liberal Arts college by providing the most up-to-date lecture hall for the scientific courses.

Doane Library—Popularly mistaken for the University Chapel. Despite its stained-glass windows, however, one taste of its service convinces that here is no connection with the divine.

Marsh Hall—Architect formerly in the poultry business; building a faithful replica of an egg crate. The interior arrangement corroborates this impression.

Talbot Hall—A remarkable example of architectural prophecy, being the first expression of the style recently used by the army in constructing barracks.

Administration Building—Defies classification. Famous (or notorious) chiefly as the birth-place of the historic 1921 Absence System. (Note: Some authorities read Nonsense in place of Absence.)

Doane Academy—Same as above. This other name is a ruse to give the impression of more buildings.

The Observatory—Not a silo, appearances to the contrary; though its rural architect admits having used one as a model.

—Kilburn Holt '24.



I HOLD HER MEMORY IN MY MIND—
HER PICTURE IN MY HEART.
ALTHOUGH AGAINST MY WILL I FIND
I HOLD HER MEMORY IN MY MIND
TO FATE I'LL NEVER BE RESIGNED
WHO SAYS OUR WAYS MUST PART;
I HOLD HER MEMORY IN MY MIND—
HER PICTURE IN MY HEART.

EVOLUTION

Confession of a Co-Ed


When I was but a wee toe-head
And Papa'd call me loud and firm
At nightfall, to come in to bed
I'd stamp my feet an' twist an' squirm.

But here at collich, don't yer know
Sweet Papa calls me loud and firm
About that hop—I'm wild to go
An' stamp my feet an' twist an' squirm!
—Ed.

Suicide

A Peanut sat on a railroad track,
His shell was all a-flutter,
The distant whistle he ignored,—
Oh, squash! 'Twas peanut-butter.

Irate Citizen (to P. O. Clerk)—"Here, what makes this letter so damp?"
P. O. Clerk—"Postage due, I guess."



FLAMINGO

Vol. II, No. 5 Published at Denison University February, 1922

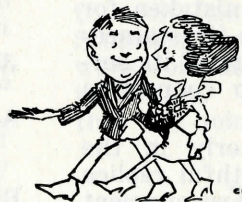
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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

THIS ISSUE EDITED BY L. D. LEET



The open season on cherry trees is again here. The Bird hastens to pay homage at the shrine of the Man the Psalmist Didn't Know. How strange that the "Father of his Country" should have differed so from his progeny. Indeed, to us, his verbal integrity used to seem incredible, until we learned that, in his generation golf was unknown.

Then George is famous at Denison as the man for whom The Banquet was named. The campus needs a Washington Banquet just now, too. The college ozone is still charged with the seriousness of the recent Week of Prayer. Sunday School is over, but the Sabbath feeling still lingers.

Now it is time to stop our backward gazing and return to the Valley of Normalcy; to put into practice in our Student Aid, Calculus and Fussing the inspiration of that period.

We realize that this is a startlingly didactic utterance for a professedly frivolous fowl, but you see we haven't quite recovered yet ourselves. But we expect that the W. B., with its frank frivolity and wholesome triviality will do much toward clearing the atmosphere. At any rate the Bird is airing an optimistic dress suit.

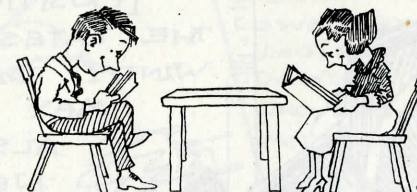


The Bird was shaking a pretty foggy wing by the time the dust of the recent Mid-years began to settle and it seemed good to grease up the old joints and take a spin around the campus with a free conscience once more.

But when he looked around he missed a few familiar faces, and wondered at the length of some remaining ones. Then an earful of conversation drifted his way and he absorbed the idea. Something terrible had happened; the faculty was on a rampage and innocent students — especially Freshmen — were the objects of heartless depredations. Classes were rumored to have been flunked in 40 and 50% lots. On every hand were dire

mutterings of injustice, and the M. B. was worried. He promptly breezed up to the office of the accused and cocked a mean eye for evidence. But there was nothing unusual here. The records showed no more than the customary number of low grades, and just as many high ones as usual.

It's deucedly odd, you know, how rumors will grow. They make the w. k. beanstalk that Jack built look like a potato sprout. But time tells and the Mystic Fowl has a hunch that this grade depression hysteria can and will be boiled down to a small few disappointed grade-seekers and a couple or three personal prejudices.

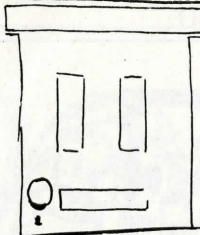


The Bird feels sure that there are sundry geniuses burning unseen on the campus. Whenever he takes the time to snoop around, he finds evidences of this. And yet despite his calls for contris these talented ones remain in their secluded nooks. When a man slops a mean basketball, he is given no peace until he reports to Livy for duty. And when a fair co-ed shows athletic prowess she is greeted with resounding cheers from her colleagues. In these fields a slacker is denounced from the house-tops. The Bird wants to go on record that a delinquent pen-pusher is just as flagrant a slacker, and he is taking this means of advertising his views.



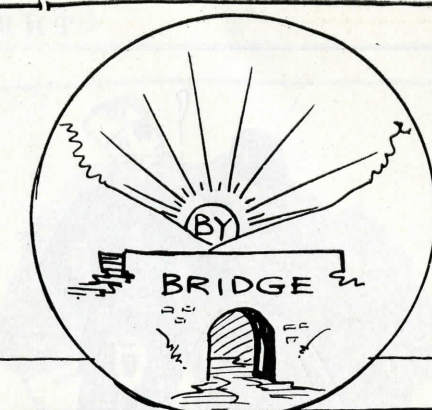
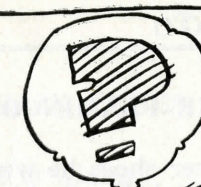
Don't forget that competition is still open for the annual College Wits Number of Judge. All matter submitted should be addressed "College Wits Editor, Judge, 627 West 43rd Street, New York."

The conditions are as follows: The call is for ORIGINAL drawings and text; in addition to payment at the regular rates Judge offers three silver cups, one to the college or university which makes the best showing in the number, as well as two silver cups, individual, one for the best art feature, and the other for the best literary feature. Each contribution should bear the name of the contributor, his college and class and should be sent in before March 1.



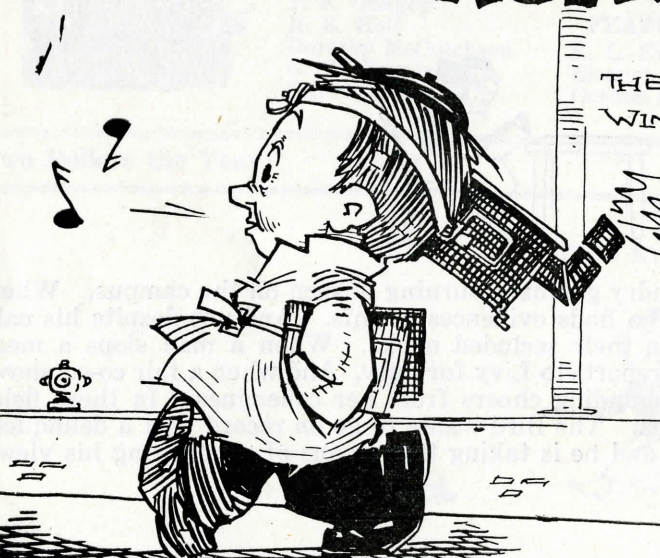
ASSUME
THE
ANGLE!

GRANVILLE COLLEGE

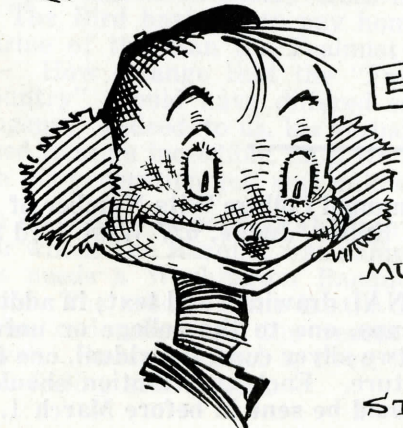


HOPING THAT THE COLD WEATHER KEEPS UP AT LEAST UNTIL AFTER THIS ISSUE - WE HEREWITH PRESENT A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON

HOW TO MAKE WHAT HAT FRESHMAN COMFORTABLE

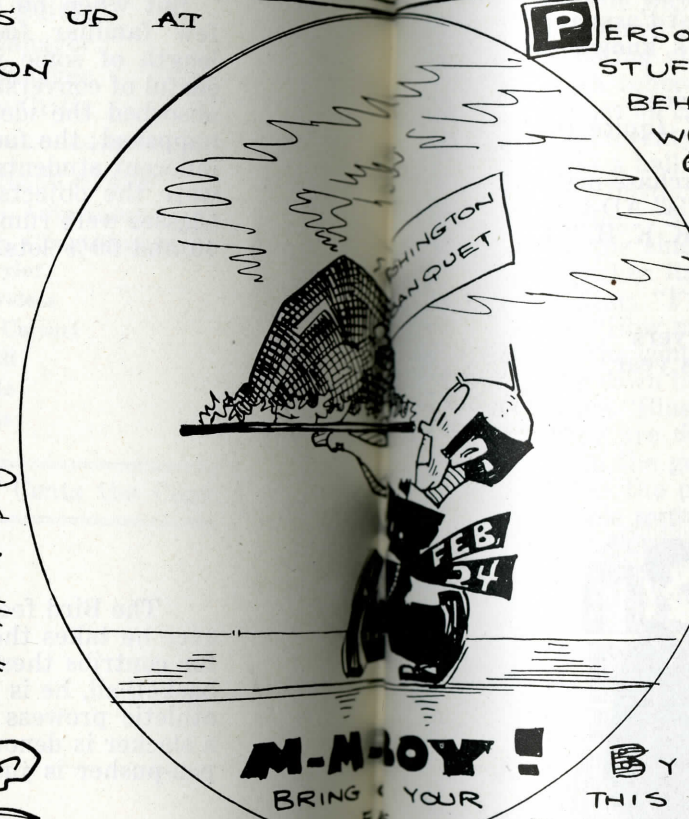


POSITIVELY THE LATEST FOR WINDY DAYS. IT MAY BE USED ALSO AS A NECKTIE.



EAR-MUFFS - ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR FRESHMAN CAPS - SHOULD BE MUCH IN DEMAND.

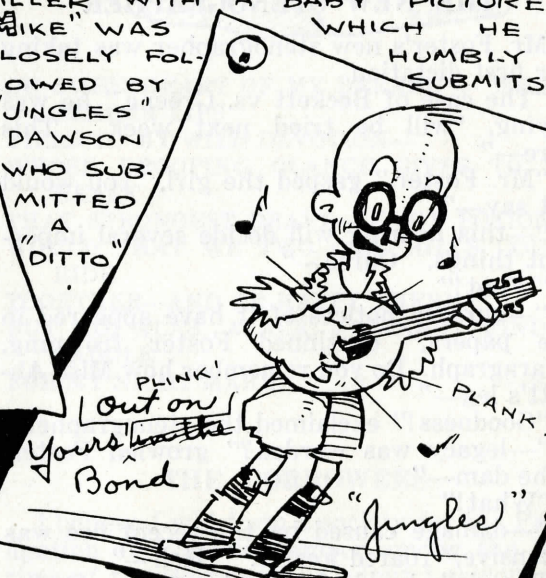
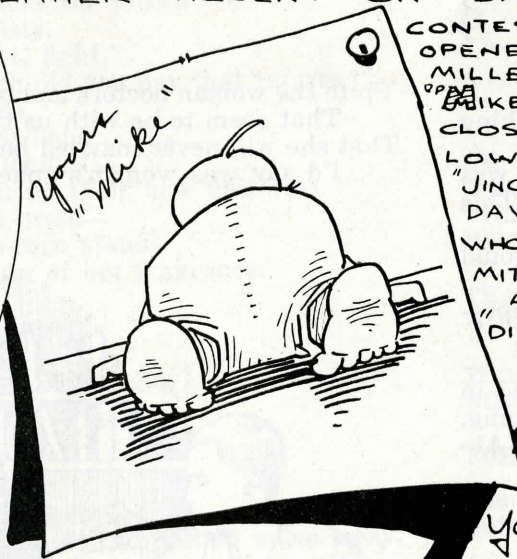
IF THESE SUGGESTIONS FAIL TO WORK - TRY STAYING IN THE HOUSE BESIDE THE FIRE. WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE THIS.



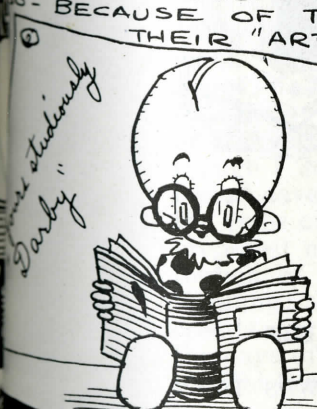
M-M-O-Y!
BRING YOUR
ES

PERSONALLY - WE CAN'T SEE THIS BEAUTY PUBLICITY STUFF ON THE PART OF "BERNIE" KEYT - SO - IN BEHALF OF THE MEN OF GRANVILLE COLLEGE - WE'VE DECIDED TO START A **BEAUTY CONTEST** ALL OUR OWN. TAKE OUR ADVICE AND GET YOUR PICTURE IN QUICK. WE'LL ACCEPT EITHER RECENT OR BABY PICTURES. THE

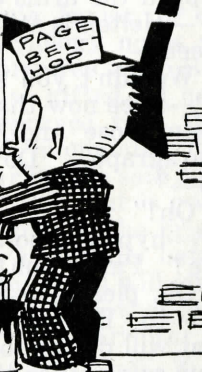
CONTEST HAD NO MORE THAN OPENED - WHEN UP STEPS "MIKE" MILLER WITH A BABY PICTURE "MIKE" WAS CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY "JINGLES" DAWSON WHO SUBMITTED A "DITTO" WHICH HE HUMBLIY SUBMITS.



BY THIS TIME THE CONTEST HAD BEGUN TO GET INTERESTING - "DARBY" BENNETT AND "NOISY" SEBALD WERE NEXT IN LINE - BECAUSE OF THIS - WE PRESENT THEIR "ART" IN THIS ISSUE.



TO BE CON-
TINUED NEXT
MONTH. POS-
ITIVELY
WOMEN
ALLOWED IN
CONTEST





BETWEEN DANCES
SHE—"SIR, I'LL HAVE NONE OF YOUR LIP!"

THE NEW STENOGRAPHER

Mr. Foster's new stenographer was taking her first dictation.

"The case of Beckett vs. Greene," he was saying, "will be tried next week. This here—"

"Mr. Foster," gasped the girl, "you would not say—"

"—this hearing will decide several important things. Curse—"

"What!"

"—cursory notices of it have appeared in the papers," continued Foster frowning, "Paragraph. Do you remember how Miss Abbott's leg—"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the stenographer.

"—legacy was worded?" growled Foster.

"The dam—"

"What!"

"—damage caused by the recent fire was extensive," roared Foster. "Hell—"

The girl's hands flew to her ears. Foster gripped the arms of his chair.

"—Helton is still busy discovering our loss. I seen—"

"Wouldn't you say—"

"—I see now that our safe was worthless." Foster rose and began to pace the floor.

"Paragraph. Do you know that Grace's hip—"

"Oh!"

"—hypnotic power over a jury is remarkable? Paragraph! Go to Hell—"

"Oh, please—"

"—to Helton for further information! That will do for to-day Miss Davis. I'll continue some other time."

THE FLAMINGO SUBSCRIBER

Walk-Over shoes he wears upon his feet,
While Mitchell sells him shirt and sock and tie.

Perry Brothers his groceries supply,
Roe-Emerson provides his suits so neat,
The "Old Home" watches o'er his surplus dough.

And "Posey" Halbrooks sends his card enclosed

In fragrant flowers to the Sem. He posed
For Mueller once, now nowhere else will go.
To Casey's fount he hies his thirst t'assuage,
"Doc" Ullman's pills are all he's known to take

For any ill. At an attractive price
He breakfasts at the "Buxton," (quite the rage)

For when this person would a purchase make
He always takes the "Mystic Bird's" AD-vice.

—K. K. H. '24.

'Spite the woman doctors and lawyers
That seem to be with us this year,
That she will never married be
I'd say was woman's sphere.



CHIN MUSIC

BILL—"SAM IS AN AWFUL KIDDER."

BORED—"YOU DON'T SAY?"

BILL—"THE OTHER DAY HE WAS EVEN STRINGING HIS VIOLIN."

HOME AGAIN BLUES

My heart is empty
Like a seaside resort in winter;
Like a school room in vacation.
Fill it with memories,
Slopping over, as the waves fill a child's tin pail.

* * * * *

At Christian Endeavor socials
They play "Spin-the-Cover,"
"A forfeit, a forfeit, a very fine forfeit,
And what shall the owner do to redeem it?"
On the way home
Perfumed night breezes whisper secrets,
Shooting stars wink knowingly.
High school basketball
Comes on Saturday nights.
Ten, sweaty, round-muscled boys
Toss a ball
At a butterfly net on the wall,
Calling, "Shoot, shoot."
On the side lines the crowd
Clenches its fists,
Yelling, "Fight, fight,"
Or, "How much did you pay that referee?"

On the common,
The town brass band
Plays "Blue Danube"—
They are wearing their new uniforms
With the gold braid—
From the pop-corn stands
Ripple murmurs of hot fragrance.

Is it you
Or the velvet caress
Of the night
That makes my heart sing?
Or is it both?

Maybe.

* * * * *

Home
Is just around the corner,
And home is a hundred million miles away.

THE STUDENT'S PSALM

The Dean is my Correspondent; I shall not flunk. He maketh me to work in dull classrooms; he leadeth me into his office. He restoreth my pep; he leadeth me in the paths of studiousness for my grades' sake. Yea, though I 'scape from the danger of flunking, I shall have no respite; for thou art with me; thy rules of absence shall pursue me. Thou preparest a statement about me for the attention of my parents; thou reportest my standing; their wrath runneth over. Surely credits and good grades should follow me all the days of my life, that I might dwell with the Phi Beta Kappas forever.

—M. W. J. and E. H.



OH SWEETHEART OF MY DREAMS — WHOSE
TENDER LIPS
YIELD TO MY WILD DEVOTION—
WHOSE DROOPING GLANCE GIVES TO MY
HEART
THAT STRONGEST DRAFT—LOVE'S POTION,
WOULD THAT WE TWO O'ER HILLS COULD
RIDE
TOGETHER—AND BE HAPPY THERE.
BUT NO, ALAS, ALACK, I CANNOT FIND A
SADDLE
FOR MY NIGHT MARE.

—R. B.

THE BORROWEES

I believe I will form a society for the Propagation of Equable Temper among the Victims of the Borrower. I admit I seldom get angry, even when my irreplaceable dress suit is ruined by an over-zealous Junior, or my still more irreplaceable psychology notes are masticated by my chief borrower's pet Bengal tiger. But all are not so gifted. I have even heard of boys so depraved that they waxed angry when friend roommates ruin their only silk shirt an hour before said shirt was going on a walking date! That is going too far, and in view of it I preach the bright idea of working tomorrow's calculus before proceeding with the violence, which will effectually prevent undue haste, and allow at least a few feet head-start for the borrower en fuite.

—W. M. P.



HE—"OUR ORCHESTRA WAS ALL BROKEN UP LAST NIGHT."

SHE—"WHAT WAS WRONG?"

HE—"THE CAFE CHEF BORROWED FIVE OF THE DRUMMER'S SKILLETS AND TWO WASH BOILERS, SO WE COULDN'T PLAY ANY JAZZ."

OUR NEXT BEST SELLER

The Grandson of Tarzan

By Unpolished Rice Burroughs

Synopsis of the first twenty-seven books of this series: Tarzan, the founder of a race of English apes, has at last died from an unbalanced diet of raw meat. His son Tarzan Junior and his grandson Tarzan III have returned to Africa being somewhat fed up with civilization. The Son of Tarz, after running through some 2,000,000 copies dies of exhaustion, leaving the honor of the British Empire in the hands of Tar III, who has just finished the last remaining Numa the Lion in Africa (this Numa was a rather scrawney specimen and the lad's progenitors had not considered it worth while to finish it off.) The scene opens with—

Chapter XXX MAN OR APE?

As Numa the lion MXVII sprang he remembered too late the dying words of his mother Mrs. Numa the lioness who had

brought her little son up on the story of "Fe Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" Tarz III plunged the gorey knife again and again and once again into the quivering heart of the monarch of the forest. The man placed his 11's on the carcass of his kill, and, with his refined English face raised toward the full moon, gave voice to the wierd and terrible challenge of his kind—a BULL ape had made his kill.

Tarz III glanced swiftly around and after gorging himself on a delicious strip of quivering warm lion steak leaped for a lower branch, and in two leaps had reached the height of a hundred feet where the going was easier. Through the age-old stillness of the primeval forest could be heard the terrible chant of the Dumb-Dumb, the hellish orgy of his brother apes.

Chapters VII-XI

Below him as he tore off a mile or two in the upper branches of his primeval forest he suddenly caught the scent of Sheeta, the leopard. He promptly eased to the ground in two graceful oozes, without a jar, and there stood Tarzan, the young Lord Grey-stoke, upon the dead and decaying vegetation which carpeted his jungle home. Absolute silence reigned amid the discordant notes of screeching and twittering jungle birds flitting ceaselessly amongst the vivid orchids and flamboyant blossoms which festooned the myriad, moss covered branches of the forest kings. (pg. 87.) Tarz thought of all this, of how, in far off London his relatives were eating grossly fried pork chops and of how the villainous Swedes Paulvitch, Rockoff, and Sonavitch were plotting his destruction. His mind wandered to the beautiful creature whom he had seen labeled G-I-R-L in the second-hand first reader. Then he got down to business. Standing erect he threw his head far back and looking full into the eye of the rising moon he beat upon his breast with his beautiful, Greek-god mits and emitted his fearful roaring shriek. Once—twice—thrice that terrifying cry rang out across the teeming solitude of that unspeakably quick, yet unthinkably dead, world, then, recalling page 659 of the unabridged dictionary back in the little but powerful cabin on the beach, constructed by John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, years before to serve purposes unsuspected by him for generations yet unborn, Tarz slipped a mean full Nelson onto Sheeta, the leopard and severed his cervical vertebrae with a sickening snap. It was the perennial triumph of man's mind over bestial brawn.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," said the farmer when he heard that his wife had just fallen into the well.

Vod-vil Acrobat (to co-worker, after being shown about millionaire's estate)—"How'd he get all this? I'll bet the bloke can't even stand on his hands."

Pipe This

Local Pastor—"Yes, our church is very well organized."

"What makes you look so down in the mouth?"

"I'm a dental student."

Like the waves that come to the seashore
Are the married men (Life's little joke)
Who come and step out in great style
But always go away broke.

The campus seems to have profited from its recent Eddy-fication.

A moon,
The steps,
A pretty Miss,
A man with arms so strong;
An upward glance,
A fatal kiss—
Another good man gone wrong.

Fat Man (in movies to little boy behind him)—"Can't you see, young fellow?"
Little Boy—"Not a thing."
F. M.—"Then keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do."

Of all the pests that walk the street,
The one I'd like to slay
Is the one who hollers across the street
"Hello, George, whaddya say?"

Another one I'd like to hit,
(I'd pack a nasty blow)
Is the bird that when he sees you, yells
"Hello, Bill, whaddya know?"



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NEW SPRING

COATS — SUITS — DRESSES — SKIRTS — SWEATERS

BLOUSES — CORSETS — HOSIERY

SILK UNDERWEAR

MILLINERY

at

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Hart, Schaffner and Marx
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We Solicit the trade of
All Denison Students.

21 South Park Place

Newark, Ohio



THE FIRST PEEP AT THE NEW STYLES IN SPRING WEARING APPAREL

CAN BE TAKEN THIS WEEK

Already many interesting lines have
arrived and we invite an early in-
spection of the

**New Suits,
New Coats,
New Dresses**

The W. H. Mazey Company

Newark, Ohio

Under the heading "Gas Overcomes Girl
While Taking Bath," the following appears in
a local paper:

"Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the
watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and
Rufus Baucon, janitor."—Ghost.

"Don't you like to see yourself in print?"
"Sure don't I always wear calico."—Siren.

Waiter—"Sir, when you eat here you need
not dust off the plate."

Customer—"Beg pardon, force of habit.
I'm an umpire."—Lemon Punch.

He—"Have you tried the new elevator
dance?"

She—"No what are the steps like?"

He—"There aren't any."—Mainiac.

'Raison d' etre'—Evidently the latest sort
of hootch.

Our Flowers DO Last Longer



And with the combination
of Art and Arrangement
we can not be equaled.

"Posey" Halbrooks

12-14-16 E. Church St.

YEP--

Our magnanimous offer appearing on the inside front cover of the January Bird still holds good. In case you are able to tear yourself away from the side-splitting squibs and jaw-jolting jests contained within the covers of this issue the M. B. suggests that you make a stab at our li'l' contest.

6 bucks plus four doesn't perhaps stack up so awful high, but it would be a shame if the jack winner shouldn't have at least some vestige of a run for his money.

If you happened to miss out on the conditions of the struggle, here they are. The first and second prizes of 6 and 4 dollars respectively will go to the **Flamingo** subscribers who submit the best contributions of not over 500 words, containing the names of all the advertisers in this issue.

Mail your efforts to Box 568 before March 3—the prize winners will appear in the March number.

WHERE SILENCE WAS GOLDEN

Three gentlemen were seated in a street car. One of them, who stuttered badly, turned to the man nearest him and said: "W-w-would y-y-you p-p-p-please t-t-t-tell m-me w-what t-t-time it is?" Receiving no reply he thought he had addressed a foreigner and soon left the car.

The third gentleman turned to the one that had been asked for the time of day and said: "Why didn't you tell that poor fellow the time? I never thought that anyone could be so uncivil."

The one who had been asked for the time turned and said: "D-d-d-do y-y-you t-t-think I-I-I w-w-wanted t-t-to g-e-g-e-get my h-h-head ku-ku-knocked off?"—Whiz Bang.

"Someone's stolen a march on us," wailed the salesgirl to the manager of the music dept.—Siren.

Algy—"That vulgah puhson mistook me for a racing man."

Sally—"How was that?"

Algy—"He said that I won the Brown Derby."—Chaparral.

TASTE OF LIFE

The clove it is a startling thing—

Exciting, anyway:

It doesn't exactly scare you,

But it takes your breath away!

—Ex.

Perry Brothers
G R O C E R S

J. M. JONES
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
Motor and Horse Drawn Equipment
LILLIE B. JONES, Lady Assistant
Phones 8168 — 8288 204 S. Main St.



Customer—"Do you ever play anything by request?"

Delighted Musician—"Certainly, sir."

Customer—"Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

—Mirror.

Parson—"My good man is there anything you would like to say to me?"

Parishioner (just placed in jail for drinking)—"I would (hic') like to ask you one question (hic'). Did Paul ever get an answer to that letter he wrote the Ephesians?"

—Mugwump.

"Pardon me, are you one of the English instructors?"

"Gosh, no! I got this tie for Xmas."

—Voo Doo.

Handballer—"I have often wondered why you do not take up dramatics; you act well."

Footballer—"I came near being an actor once."

Handballer—"How interesting, how was that?"

Footballer—"I had my leg in a cast."

—Orange Owl.

She—"You never think of your footwear, do you?"

He—"No, that's the farthest thing from my mind."—Brown Jug.

Auto Phone 1934

William F. Eilber
MEN'S TAILOR
Give Me a Call

Arcade

Newark, Ohio

EAT AT O'NEILL'S

A La Carte Service

We Cater to Parties

Newark



The Granville Co-operative Co.

Phone 8184

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Wire Fence, Salt, Posts,
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C O A L S

F. E. Hammond, Manager

AUTOMATIC PHONE 1696

JAMES W. PASSMAN, Jr

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Newark, O.

Distributor of
ALAMO LIGHTING PLANTS

Frosh—"I worked at that problem till almost five-thirty this morning."
 Soph—"And did you get the idea then?"
 Frosh—"It began to dawn on me."—Ghost.

The Scotch are famous for their whiskey, but their costumes are poorly equipped for "bootlegging."—Wasp.

Dinty the Cop—"I am looking for some financial succor."
 Clarence—"That sucker won't be me."
 —Lemon Punch.

"Hell, yes," murmured the devil, picking up the phone receiver.—California Pelican.

Yes, Hortense they make the hour glass small in the middle to show the waist of time.
 —Royal Gaboon.

He—"Don't go. You're leaving me entirely without reason."
 She—"I always leave things as I find them."—Punch Bowl.

"That's darned good," said the girl as she finished mending the stocking.—Voo Doo.

Prof.—"What instrument produces foot notes?"
 Frosh—"Shoe horn."—The Panther.

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"How come you didn't make that speech before the Chow club the other day?"
 "Well, you see we were all set, the platform was decorated 'n' everything—"
 "Yes, yes!"
 "But just as I was ready to get up, another speaker rose—"
 "Yes, yes!"
 "—and took the platform."—Sun Dial.

Her—"I don't believe we saw the original dancer of 'the seven veils' at all."
 Hern—"Of course not. But wasn't it a good take off?"—Banter.

They called the baby Steamboat because they had to paddle it behind.—Mugwump.

Father's Voice—"Maude, hasn't the young man started for home yet?"
 Clever Young Man—"I've reached third, sir."
 "Well, steal, you busher. Steal!"
 —American Legion Weekly.

"And you say that this essay is entirely the result of your own personal effort?"
 "Yes. It took me three days to find somebody to write it for me."

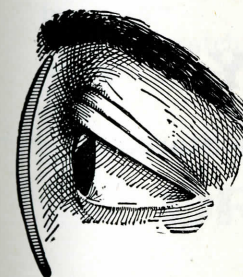
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First Row—"The professor made a cutting remark to me."
 Rear—"What was it?"
 First Row—"He said he had marked me absent."—Exchange.

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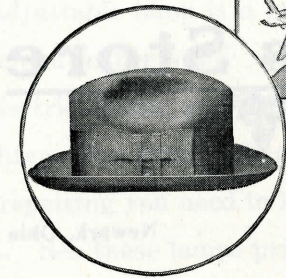
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**THE BALLAD OF THE WICKED
CHESS-MEN**

The chess-men, scattered were on the board.
My lady's men were gold,
My lord had silver men as fair.
Thus runs the tale I'm told.

My lord he loved the lady fair,
And she loved him I guess,
But not to show her heart's desires,
She staked herself at chess.

She knew my lord could win the prize,
For he played better far,
And with a smile suppressed she played;
Her eye was like a star.

But my lord was slow; the game dragged out;
My lady asked a rest;
Adjourned was the game a space,
It really was not best.

For up and spake a golden piece,
"What boots it to contend?
Let's quickly settle this their game,
And bring it to an end."

"Oh say not so," a silver piece
Replied, "we shall not win,
And thus betray our lord to her,
To do so were a sin."

Then quickly moved the men around;
They fought, and jumped, and struck,
And made a topsy-turvy board,
And changed my lord's good luck.

At last the lovers' honey-eyed,
Returned their game to play.
"Alack," my lord spoke forth to her,
"My men were not that way."

But none had touched the board, and so
The game went on apace,
Until in desperate straights was he,
And shame was in his face.

My lady now was struck with fear.
How could my lord she beat
When she would gladly throw herself,
And kiss my lordship's feet?

But naught availed—she won the game.
My lordship wiped his eye,
And all the silver men in glee
Were winking on the sly.

My lady in her pride could not
Constrain herself, and flew
Into her dormer room above,
And wept as ladies do.

There in the barren castle hall
My lordship lost at chess,
And in the dormer room she weeps
For love she can't confess. —G. W. B.

PATRIOTISM

Jimmy—"Got a new dog, ain't yuh?"
Johnny—"Yeh."
Jimmy—"What kind is he? Looks like an
Irish terrier."
Johnny—"He ain't, though. He's an
American."—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE

Young Lady (with hopes)—"What do you
think is the fashionable color for a bride?"
Male Floor Walker—"Tastes differ, but I
should prefer a white one!"—Jester.

"So your father is a southern planter?"
"Yes, he is an undertaker in Atlanta."
—Voo Doo.

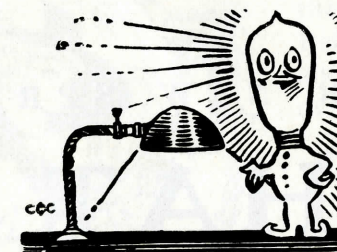
Ann—"Have you stopped smoking?"
Van—"Yes, I had to. A fellow can't get a
good cigar on the campus any more. It is
too muddy."—Chaparral.

She—"I can't light this match, my foot is
too small."
He—"Scratch it on your—er—better let
me light it."—Purple Cow.

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CORSET SHOP

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU LOOK

(Apologies to R. W. Service and
everybody else)

Before

THE SAME OLD SPRINT IN THE MORNING,
BOYS,
TO THE SAME OLD PROF AND CLASS;
CHAINED ALL DAY TO THE SAME OLD BOOK;
IN LOVE WITH A PRETTY LASS;
WRITING THE SAME MEAN OLD NOTES,
TRYING TO GET A DATE—
OH, TICKLED STIFF WILL I BE TO KNOW
THAT I AM TO GRADUATE.

After

THE SAME OLD RUSH IN THE MORNING, BOYS,
TO THE SAME OLD BOSS AND JOB,
CHAINED ALL DAY TO THE SAME OLD DESK
IN WITH THE OFFICE MOB.
WRITING THE SAME MEAN OLD CHECKS,
THE RICH TO EMULATE—
OH, WHY DID I EVER, EVER WISH
THAT I WOULD GRADUATE!

Referred to the Hanging Committee

"Only the artists can tell you what the pic-
tures mean."
"Then they ought to hang them alongside
the pictures."—Kasper (Stockholm).

College Boy—"Any speed laws in this
town?"
Native—"Hell, NO! You young fellows
can't git through any too dern fast fer us!"
—Banter.

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CZECK!

"What's all this war indemnity the Allies
are trying to collect?"
"It's the German syntax."—Chaparral.

He—"I want to get you the finest engage-
ment ring in the world. What kind of stone
would you like?"
She—"One like David in the Bible used."
"Meaning?"
"The kind that'll knock 'em dead."
—Wayside Tales.

THE AVERAGE STUDENT

Jud—"Are you going to get through al-
right this semester?"
Bud—"Yes—on one condition."
Jud—"What is the condition?"
Bud—"Psychology."—Sun Dial.

1st Co-ed—"You say that you are going to
play through life with him?"
2nd Co-ed—"Yes."
1st Co-ed—"What game?"
2nd Co-ed—"Baseball, I guess; he brought
over a diamond."—Lemon Punch.

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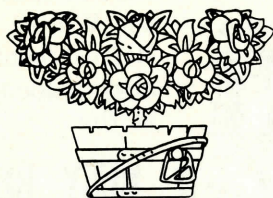
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She—"Stop this moment or I'll get out and walk."

He—"But Mary—"

She—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself and after I've known you so long too."

He—"But—"

She—"You needn't explain; you're not a gentleman."

He—"But Mary, this darned horse won't go unless I whip him."—Banter.

"Sprained ankle?"

"Nope. Just wearing my navy pants for underwear."—Exchange.

"Do you believe in eating clubs on the campus?"

"Naw, nor chewing toothpicks either."

—Purple Cow.

"I hear Jones has quite a stiff job lately."

"Yeah, he's been dragging dead ones down at the morgue."—Froth.

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"Raisin' jack," thought the student as he touched the Old Man for another check.

—Sun Dial.

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